

a few fish by trailing lines behind the  
 boat. A little  
 stove, a little kettle, and a saucepan  
 were all the  
 utensils they possessed, besides their  
 pocket knives,  
 And if this land were no more than a  
 rocky island,  
 if the boat were obliged to resume her  
 painful  
 course for more long days, looking for a  
 continent  
 or an island where existence might be  
 possible—  
 what then ?

But all felt hope reviving again.  
 Instead of the  
 boat that was threatened by squalls  
 and tossed  
 about by the waves and half filled by the  
 seas, they  
 would at least feel firm ground under  
 their feet.  
 They would instal themselves in some  
 cave to  
 shelter there from bad weather.  
 Perhaps they  
 would find a fertile soil, with edible roots  
 and fruits.  
 And there they would be able to await  
 the passing  
 of a ship, without need to fear hunger  
 or thirst.  
 The ship would see their signals, would  
 come to the  
 rescue of the castaways—all that and  
 more they saw  
 through the mirage of hope !

Did the coast thus seen belong to some  
 group of  
 islands situated beyond the tropic of  
 Capricorn ?  
 .That was what the boatswain and Fritz  
 discussed  
 in undertones. Jenny and Dolly had  
 resumed their

seats in the bottom of the boat, and the  
little boy  
was sleeping in Mrs. Wolston's arms.  
Captain  
Gould, eaten up with fever, had been  
carried back  
under the poop, and Jenny was soaking  
compresses  
in cold water to lay upon his head.